

THE
ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

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No. XII.—FEBRUARY 15TH, 1867.
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**UNFOUNDED DISLIKES;
AND HOW CELIA ARRANGED HER PARTY.**

DISLIKES are often so extraordinary and so unreasonable as to render the cause of their existence difficult to be explained. It would be a very simple matter if all people disliked the same person or persons, but this is not the usual state of affairs.

One set will say of a lady, "How dignified, how commanding, how queenlike!" Another set, speaking of the identical fair one, condemns her as "proud, supercilious, tyrannical!" Of a man, some will observe, "He's so generous and warm-hearted, and such a sociable creature!" Others will apply to the same character the terms "extravagant, passionate, unprincipled!"

In the eyes of one party, a youth is "modest, thoughtful, unobtrusive." In those of another, he is "muffish, stupid, and ridiculously bashful."

The partizans of a young lady remark that she is "lively, entertaining, and an immense acquisition in an 'evening.'" Her disparagers give out that she is "conceited, forward, and such an audacious flirt there's no enduring her."

If it were only the vicious, the ignorant, or the foolish who incurred censure and dislike, none could raise an objection; and if it were only the morose, the obtuse, or the envious who harboured feelings of antipathy and disgust, the dislikes would easily be accounted for, and could excite no surprise: but this is far from being the case. Those who are amiable, those who think and act advisedly in general concerns, take up these thoughts of dislike against others who, amongst the friends who know



them best, are so excellent that no praise is too great for them. This dislike is sometimes mutual : so much the worse ; so much greater the difficulty to be overcome ; but very often it exists on one side only, and then some influential common friend may interfere so judiciously, that liking, or even loving, shall take the place of long and deeply-rooted dislike.

To those who wish peace on earth and good-will to all men, these feelings of dislike, this undervaluing of imperfectly understood characters, is a perpetual source of disquietude and sorrow. How is this state of things to be remedied ? How shall we persuade usually kind and just-minded persons to think favourably of beings whom it has been thought fair and reasonable to cast away as hopelessly and helplessly disagreeable ?

Phrenologists point out as one of the many advantages of their science that it disposes mortals to regard each other with indulgence. A man, for example, having the organs of veneration and marvellousness largely developed, and knowing the result of such organization, will easily make allowances for one decidedly deficient in those same organs, should his views on religious subjects be even widely different from his own ; and a woman rich in cautiousness and secretiveness will not pride herself upon her prudence and discretion to the disparagement of some female friend or acquaintance, whose phrenological formation urges her to more freedom of action and largeness of discourse than she herself would deem either pleasing or desirable ; but as this is not a disquisition on the merits of Phrenology, it will be well to let them alone for the present, and see how Celia got on with her party.

Octavius and Celia had been married a few months, and having had rather more experience in the poetry than the reality of life, were full of generous plans and social love. They were rich (happy mortals !) and as they liked rural luxuries, settled in a pretty village which, as they also loved refinement and worldly comforts, appeared to them the more advantageous from its approximation to a large and populous town. The contiguity of several handsome villas promised a society worthy of cultivation ; and Celia, to her great delight, found, in a dwelling near her own, an old friend of her school days. This friend had been married to a lawyer of honest fame, but had become a widow. She was acquainted with the surrounding country and its inhabitants. Of the latter, she knew the natures as well as the names.

Octavius and his young bride received the customary visits and returned them ; and, in process of time, Celia began to con-

template the delightfulness of giving, in good style, a party to which she might welcome the whole of her new-found friends. She very methodically made out her list, and, like a dutiful wife, shewed it to her Octavius and asked his approbation and advice; upon which, Octavius, like an affectionate husband as he was, smiled lovingly on his darling Celia, and said whatever pleased her would please him likewise. Just then (which was very lucky), in came the friend of other days.

"My life," said Otto, this is indeed fortunate. Consult your dear Cassandra; you can shew her your "list of friends," and listen to her suggestions; afterwards, if I can be of any service, command me to the utmost extent of my capabilities."

The two friends sat down, and the experienced Cassandra read over the catalogue of names:—Sir Hector and Lady Stately, Sir John and Lady Sterling, the Rev. George Falmouth, the Rev. Charles Manners, Mr. and Mrs. Grey, Mr. and Mrs. Charger, Mr. Horace Danvers, Miss Viola Grey, Miss Julia Curran, Miss Laura Fitzforman." "And then you know, said Celia, I shall ask several younger gentlemen and ladies to join the dance in the evening; and I am to have four waiters from the first hotel in the town, a splendid dinner and dessert, and a band of excellent and regular musicians." "Your list is unexceptionable," said Cassandra; "but my dear, you must not ask Sir Hector Stately and Sir John Sterling to the same party." "Why not?" "Because they are not friends." "How comes it that they are not friends?" "They are both magistrates, and once upon a time Sir Hector thought it would be a right and proper thing to send a poor widow's son to prison because he had taken some wood to make his mother a fire. Sir John said this was being 'harsh and severe,' and that to caution the lad and let him return to his work would be a far better way of settling the matter. Sir Hector called this tampering with justice, and added that it was by weak sentimentalists like Sir John that the laws were brought into contempt. Nevertheless, Sir John had his way, and Sir Hector has never forgiven him." "Well, then, we must cross out Sir Hector and his lady; but I am very sorry, for I like them both so much." "Another thing is, my dear Celia," continued Cassandra, "you will not do well to have these two reverend gentlemen together, unless you would like to risk having such a violent theological discussion as would frighten the gentler portion of your guests and disgust the rest."

"I'll have Mr. Manners then, and reserve Mr. Falmouth for another reunion." "But then, if you keep Mr. Manners, you

must not ask Mrs. Grey; for she hates him cordially." "And why?" "Because he happened to preach against luxury in clothes and ornaments the very Sunday she brought out her velvet dress and diamond earrings." "How could he help that? Why should she hate the poor man for an accident?" "Oh, that was not all. He said, with great emphasis, that if people would spend less on themselves they would have more to spare for the poor; and the fact was, Mrs. Grey had not been able to subscribe to the blanket fund because she had spent so much on her handsome decorations." "Did Mr. Manners know that?" "No, but *she* did; and so she fancied his remarks were especially addressed to her."

"Take out the Greys, then," said Celia, in a melancholy tone, "but I can have Viola?" "No; she is expected to join her mamma in disliking and avoiding the Rev. Charles Manners. With regard to Mr. and Mrs. Charger, the husband is friends with everybody, but the wife has abominated the very sight of Lady Sterling ever since Sir Hector Stately said she was the only woman in the neighbourhood worth looking at except his own wife; whereas Mrs. Charger considered herself the 'fairest of the fair,' and the Venus of the present age."

"But cannot I have Mr. Charger by himself?" "You would, by such a proceeding, endanger his domestic peace from this time forth for evermore." "What have you to say about Julia Curran and Laura Fitzforman?" "That they are exceedingly accomplished and amusing; but as both would like to be Mrs. Horace Danvers, they, at present, regard each other with watchful and jealous eyes."

"Why, my dear Cassandra, you have sapped and undermined my charming little party to its very foundations, and I must give it all up, with the four hotel waiters, the splendid dinner and dessert, and the effective band of music!" and Celia clasped her hands, sighed, embraced her friend, and went to tell her grief to her adored Octavius. His surprise, sympathy, and tender consolation must be left to the imagination of the confiding, tender-hearted, and benevolent reader; and if every such reader will use his or her influence for the extirpation of unfounded dislikes, society in general may have reason to exult, rejoice, and be exceeding glad.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY AND MR. EYRE.

THE Anti-Slavery Society has only lately become known to the general public. It has always had a certain notoriety as one of those bodies that make great use of Exeter Hall, and whose members are gifted with a species of eloquence called stump oratory. Its official proceedings, however, have until recently excited little public interest; and probably this general apathy would still have continued, had it not been for the prominent part taken by the Society in reference to the Jamaica question. At first sight it is difficult to see how the suspension of Mr. Eyre can affect the Anti-Slavery Society; but a history of this body will enable our readers to account for the animus it has shown in dealing with a subject apparently altogether foreign to the object for which it was established.

The A. S. S. was originally formed for the purpose of putting an end to slavery. This is, no doubt, a laudable object for any body of men to set before them. In choosing such an object, they can hardly have been actuated by any but noble motives; and it is to be regretted that they attempted what they could not accomplish. This inability to carry out the object for which it was founded has been the bane of the Society from the beginning. It seems soon to have discovered that on a question of such international importance as that of slavery, little influence can be exercised by a private society, and perceiving this, it wisely determined to give up so useless an undertaking. Its occupation being gone, one would think the natural thing to have done would be to dissolve. The Society, however, was not of this opinion. As the attempt to abolish slavery was impracticable, the members elected themselves "nigger" philanthropists in general.

The proceedings of the Society in this second phase of its existence are very instructive. The A. S. S. has shown itself to have a mind fitted at once for the most exalted speculations and the most trivial cares. At one time its energies have been directed to the manufacture of flannel waistcoats for the poor blacks shivering in the freezing plains of Africa; at another time it has been engaged in profound speculations on the nature of the negro character and genius. The results of its enquiries on the latter subject have varied considerably at different times, and have undergone what Radicals call the process of development. The Society started with the proposition, which few will

now deny, that the negro races are not mere brutes, but rational human beings. This assertion was followed by another considerably more advanced, that negroes are in every respect equal to white men. The latest "development" of the Society's creed shows great rapidity of intellectual growth. The text of anti-slavery orators is now no longer the equality between white men and blacks, but the infinite superiority of the latter. If we want a pattern of humanity, a specimen of the human race in all its primitive simplicity and nobleness, where must we go? To the haunts of licentious Europeans? Nay, to the cabins of the uncorrupted negroes.

It is a characteristic of the developmental system that its believers are never long stationary in their opinions. Their ideas are always doing what is facetiously termed "expanding." In the present case it is not easy to imagine what further development can take place; and it will be interesting to watch the future proceedings of the Society, in order to become acquainted with its latest proposition after it has undergone expansion.

The Anti-Slavery Society has long been pining for an opportunity of displaying its genius on a large scale. Its work has been very uphill, and its progress very small. And indeed this is not to be wondered at, seeing that it has set itself no less a task than that of upsetting the established opinions of the whole world. Its Exeter Hall utterances have been chiefly devoted to this object, and the enunciation of first principles is almost all the Society has yet accomplished. There must be something very interesting in a body of men meeting together for the purpose of praising themselves and reviling every one else, or the practice would not be so common as it is. If it were not for this pleasure, which can never fail, the A. S. S. would probably have ceased to exist long since. But the Jamaica insurrection came like a godsend to infuse new blood into its emaciated body. The Anti-Slavery Society was before only a name, it is now a "startling fact." When the news of the insurrection of the black population in Jamaica first reached England, the A. S. S. sank very low in popular favour. It is only fair to state, however, that it did not in the least give way under the pressure of opinion. It would not for a moment believe that its favourite race—the salt of the earth—could have been guilty of the atrocities attributed to it. And when later reports came to England showing how, by the firm and energetic measures of the Governor, the rebellion had been quashed and the ring-

leaders punished, the Anti-Slavery Society screamed with rage on hearing of the chastisement of its innocent pets; and, in order to give their case a semblance of right, gave currency to those reports of indiscriminate executions and floggings upon which the Government so foolishly acted.

Having satisfied itself of the truth of the "nine miles of corpses," and of the abominable cruelties of the barbarous whites, the next step for the Society to take was to bring to justice (as they call it) the cause of all these horrors. In a grand moment of inspiration, it was determined to indict Mr. Eyre for murder. Now, it is a curious fact that the majority of the members of the Anti-Slavery Society are Quakers—men of peace. Mr. Bright is, we believe, a member of the A. S. S., and Mr. Bright is pre-eminently a man of peace. But Quakers, in addition to being men of peace, hold peculiar opinions on the subject of punishment by death. They are most anxious to abolish capital punishment. In some parts of the country, where this opinion is prevalent, a jury can never be made to bring in a verdict of guilty on a charge of murder, however clear the evidence may be, because they know that the result of such a verdict will be sentence of death. And yet the Anti-Slavery Society, or the majority of its members, holding these opinions on the subject of capital punishment, are using every exertion to convict Mr. Eyre of a crime which they know is punished by death.

If the subject were not so serious, it would be amusing to note how great and ludicrous an effect is exerted by passion and prejudice even upon men of peace. The Anti-Slavery Society, boiling over with love for the whole world, includes in its embrace a race for which Europeans in general have little sympathy. But, getting angry because few would join them in this "nigger" mania, they forgot their character as men of peace, and began to revile all who were not of their own opinion. At last it happened that some of their lambs—their pet black lambs—were chastened for misconduct. The patience of a saint could hardly bear this: the patience of Quakers was quite unequal to it. They forgot not only the dictates of peace, but disregarded even their most cherished convictions, and are now actively endeavouring to bring about an example of what they consider to be a national evil. Truly the A. S. S. furnishes a valuable lesson in morality! Peace is a good thing, but Heaven preserve us from men of peace.

It is said that the Anti-Slavery Society has succeeded in

collecting a large sum for the prosecution of Mr. Eyre, and that he will shortly be put upon his trial. As this is the case, though there can be little doubt of the result, it is necessary that funds should be provided for his defence. The farce is an expensive one, but the authors seem determined to have it played out. It is to be hoped that every one, who has not the honour to write himself an A. S. S., will do something on behalf of Mr. Eyre.

CHOLERA IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

A PLEA FOR RADICAL REFORM.

THE cholera, which, during the year 1865 raged in the cities of the Continent, but merely hovered about our shores, last year invaded this country, and carried off, in the metropolis alone, more than 5,500 persons, besides 2,700 who fell victims to the various forms of diarrhœa.

Though still smouldering in certain localities, it seems to an ordinary observer to have practically died out, like the plague which lately decimated our herds; and people are congratulating themselves on a comparison of the mortality from cholera and diarrhœa in London of 16,525 between the 22nd and 45th weeks of 1849, and 13,264 in the same period of 1854, with that of 8,245 in 1866.

The number of those who have as yet perished by this epidemic does indeed contrast most favourably with those of former years; but we say "*as yet*" with deliberation, for we are by no means sure that we have seen the last of this invasion, and our fears are shared by many of our professional brethren, that the epidemic of 1866 may be but a prelude to a more severe one of 1867. We cannot forget that the great mortality of 1854 was preceded by a few suspicious cases in 1852, and by 865 deaths from cholera alone in the metropolitan districts in 1853—that these, having during the first half of 1854 averaged three or four per month, rose suddenly from three in June to 300 in July, 3000 in August, and 6000 in September. Consequently, should the years 1865-7 prove the counterparts of those of 1852-4, we may still witness a mortality of equal severity with any that we have hitherto experienced. We trust that our apprehensions may be unfounded, but we must not shut our eyes to the possibility of their realization.

Were the causes which are productive of zymotic diseases as completely beyond our control as those of wet harvests and cotton famines, we might be justified in meekly submitting to the "visitation," and contenting ourselves with offering up prayers in our churches against "plague, pestilence and famine."

But, though we cannot altogether prevent the importation of cholera — though, while poverty and its consequent overcrowding exist among us, typhus will be developed in the midst of our densely-peopled cities; yet the fact that these diseases are practically confined to the poor, and exhibit a virulence exactly proportioned to the unfavourable hygienic conditions by which the affected population is surrounded, furnishes irrefragable proof that "there is something rotten" in our social state, and that these evils are far from being utterly irremediable.

Doubtless the landlords are the persons directly answerable for the actual condition of the dwellings of the poor; but it would be absurd to hope for action on the part of such, except under legislative compulsion. We will not discuss the question whether the owners of the ground, some of whom are among the wealthiest magnates of the land, might not attach to the leases of their property certain stipulations as to the arrangements of the tenements to be erected thereon: for even this measure would reach but a part of the evils of which we complain.

Certain it is, however, that the powers conferred by the Legislature on vestries and local boards of works are, if honestly exerted, amply adequate to the removal of the gravest of the present abuses.

During the late epidemic we had the good fortune to be appointed to one of the worst districts of the metropolis, and we can bear witness to the incalculable amount of good effected by constant and searching house-to-house visitation, and the vigorous enforcement of sanitary measures, conducted under the direction of a most able medical officer of health, by young medical men of talent and energy, giving their whole attention to the work, and assisted by an efficient staff of students, inspectors and orderlies.

It was entirely to such districts that the smaller mortality of the last epidemic was due; for when we turn to the Eastern parishes, where the vestries exhibited their usual supineness and obstructiveness, and disregard to the recommendations of their Medical Officers of Health, committing what little inspection they

were compelled to carry out to the already overworked and underpaid parochial surgeons, we find the death-rate as high as, if not higher than, on previous occasions.

It might have been supposed that, with the experience of 1831-2, 1848-9, and 1853-4, our local authorities would have taken some steps to anticipate and to meet the ravages of the threatened invasion of last year.* They could not pretend that they were taken by surprise; for, while the cholera was devastating the seaports and cities of Italy, France, and the Netherlands, our medical men formed themselves into voluntary commissions, visited the dens and slums of London, and published their appalling reports and warnings, not merely in their own papers, but in the pages of the *Standard* and the *Star*.

As to any measures being now taken to prevent, or to mitigate, a recurrence of the epidemic, the most sanguine would not entertain so Utopian a hope—the guardians have far too deep a regard for the pockets of the ratepayers, to spend another sovereign until the pestilence shall have actually reappeared.

But it is not only in these periods of exceptional mortality that we are called on to set our own houses, and the houses of our labouring poor, in order. The annual loss of life from preventable disease which prevails in our seaports and manufacturing towns is a disgrace to the vaunted civilization of the nineteenth century. From amongst the largest of these towns we would single out for special consideration Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds. Some portions of London are, indeed, as bad as these; but our habit of dealing with it as a whole, places its death-rate a great deal too low.

How much of the mortality of our large towns is, not only theoretically, but practically preventable, may be calculated from the results of the sanitary reform effected in Hull. The death-rate of this town was formerly one of the highest, being not less than thirty-six per 1,000; and the cholera in 1848-9 visited it with the greatest severity: but immediately afterwards, Dr. (now Sir Henry) Cooper, during the single year of his mayoralty, reduced it to a figure which will compare favourably

* In 1854 there was an almost total absence of preventive measures, and the arrangements made for the relief of the sufferers were in most cases absurdly inadequate to the occasion. We learn from a Blue Book before us, that in one union the guardians contented themselves with placing medicines at four *Police Stations*—the associations connected with which, would, we fancy, have deterred many of the most needy of the applicants, even had there been, which there was not, any one competent to dispense the drugs!

with any town of the same size. The death-rate has been as low as eighteen, and has never since the time mentioned exceeded twenty-five. At the request of the inhabitants, Her Majesty conferred on Dr. Cooper the same honour (that of knighthood—if honour it be) as was lately bestowed on another mayor for unveiling a statue in his town.

Glasgow, until quite recently, could exhibit scenes of squalor, vice and disease, of which none but those who are familiar with the slums and dens of our largest towns can form any adequate conception. But let us give honour where it is due. For four years have the authorities set themselves to the task of cleansing their Augean stable. They have conferred almost autocratic powers on the distinguished professor, Dr. Gairdner, who, besides a permanent staff of medical men, engineers, and sanitary inspectors, may be said to have at his disposal the whole police of that city. For the single item of rebuilding their courts and wynds, the Town Council have already voted upwards of a million and a quarter sterling!

In contrast to these generous men, we would hold up to public execration the Town Council of Liverpool. This city, "whose merchants are the princes of the earth," which prides itself on the grandeur of its public buildings, shows the highest death-rate of any town in the United Kingdom; and one which, so far from offering any prospect of improvement, grows worse from year to year. While London averages 25 per 1,000, Liverpool counts its 36; or, if we exclude the out-townships, the abodes of luxury and wealth, this figure, already the highest in the country, rises to 41! The annual mortality from fever has ranged for the last ten years between 4,000 and 5,600, in a population of under half a million. Were the health of Liverpool the same as the average of our large towns, or of London itself, not less than 6,000 lives would annually be saved! Now, what has been done towards bringing about this desirable result? Since the passing of the Sanitary Amendment Act of 1864, the Town Council have expended £30,000 in improving the dwellings of the poor, and have voted about the same sum for the further prosecution of the work. When, however, the question of public baths was being discussed, the Chairman of the Water Supply Committee declared that "they could not afford such luxuries." What they can afford we may judge from the fact, that in the same two years £118,000 has been spent in widening Church Street, already one of the handsomest in the town; and, £250,000 has been voted for laying out a park, five or six

miles distant from that portion of the borough inhabited by the poor.

An account of the condition of Leeds and Manchester would present the same story of obstinacy, selfishness and heartless disregard of the welfare of the poor on the part of men, than whom none could be louder in their demands for parliamentary reform. In our boroughs, rather than in our parliament, there is an urgent need for "radical reform;" but the pressure must be exerted from without—must be enforced by the legislature, and by the united voices of all right-minded men.

It is useless to hope that they should take the initiative, who draw the rents of the abodes of wretchedness, who amass fortunes at the expense of the health and lives of the poor, whose hearts are hardened by the thirst for gold; for, as has been well observed by a leading journal, "it is perfectly well understood that vested interests are only another name for the greed of gain, an affection stronger than the love of decency, . . . or the love of justice to others."

FITZ-EDWARD.

Univ. Coll., Lond.

CHOICE ADVERTISEMENTS.—No. II.

On a former occasion* we were induced to make a few remarks on a particular system of advertising which has been and is still being employed to a rapidly increasing extent in many of the English newspapers of the nineteenth century. Without discussing afresh the deserts of those who promulgate such "pious frauds," we would at once pass on to notice a few additional specimens of this notorious method of what has been appropriately termed "puffing." As our selection on the present occasion is taken entirely from a weekly publication rejoicing in the comprehensive title of *The Christian World*, it is perhaps but just to the proprietors of that profoundly learned periodical, while it will also serve as a sort of introduction to what follows, first of all to show up their own advertisement of themselves, which occupies a conspicuous position in the columns of their own precious work. "*The Christian World* is," we are reminded, "one of the most decidedly PROTESTANT journals of the day, and therefore deserves a place in the home of every Englishman;" besides this, we are assured that "its literary matter is of a very high

* *Anti-Teapot Review*, No. 3.

order," and, of course, "it cannot be too strongly recommended as an advertising medium." Herein are contained three distinct statements; the truth of the first is obvious to all those who have enjoyed the privilege of reading *The Christian World*; but the conclusion derived from it may be convincing only to those erudite scholars who, in their search after truth, are content with the process of Christian-worldly reasoning, which, in the present instance, seems to be developed in the form of a syllogism somewhat after this fashion: all Protestant journals deserve a place in the home of every Englishman; *The Christian World* is a most decidedly Protestant journal; *ergo*, *The Christian World* deserves a place in the home of every Englishman. The second statement, were it not for its almost extreme meekness and unassuming modesty of expression, might perhaps be improved by adding thereto the words "of connexional twaddle;" so that the whole sentence, with the suggested emendation, might be read thus: "The literary matter is of a high order of connexional twaddle." The third seems to have been resolved into a case of natural consequence; for, if a journal be essentially Protestant, and, moreover, contain all the latest "denominational" gossip and literary twaddle of a very high order, contributed by the most celebrated local and itinerant Stigginses of the day, none but poor unchristian-worldly sceptics can fail to see that, for these reasons, it cannot be other than a great advertising medium.

We will now introduce the reader to a Mrs. Purver, the proprietress of a Ladies' School in Hampshire, which probably owes some part of its success to being "a select establishment." At this scholastic abode of feminine Protestantism, the public is informed that the "Principal devotes her whole time to the instruction and moral training of her pupils." What a prodigy among Principals! To undergo such an apparently endless amount of labour in any other place but Hurstbourne might possibly be rather deteriorating to the Principal's health of mind and body; but, as she assures us that the "locality is particularly healthy," we are led to infer that she has lived so many years in it with such beneficial results as regards her perfect salubriousness, that she can afford to dispense altogether with sleep. We are not surprised to hear that "the pupils live well;" for no Lady Principal, far less one who is always wide awake, could so far forget herself as to state that they lived badly. "Comforts of home are studied," but by whom, we are left in a blissful state

of ignorance; possibly by the same juveniles by whom the general course of instruction is studied,—a very useful training too; it is quite right, in these days of progress, for young ladies to be initiated into all the mysteries of the culinary art, and to be taught how to make their home a comfort to their parents or future husbands in case of a general strike amongst domestic servants. We read further on, “a pair of quiet ponies are kept, which add to the pleasure and healthful exercise of the young ladies.” Here again the Principal’s language is somewhat mystified; it is evident that she keeps a pair of quiet ponies, but whether that fact, *per se*, adds to the pleasure, &c., of the young ladies, or whether the young ladies are taught, as part of their “moral training,” to be pretty little horsebreakers, and thus their pleasure enhanced, or whether they act in the capacity of grooms, in addition to that of cooks, is not very lucidly stated. “A large farm is attached to the school, which gives many luxuries not generally enjoyed by schools.” What a delicious treat! new milk, fresh butter, new-laid eggs, the sweet-smelling savour arising from a farmyard and its adjuncts; and yet—who can believe us?—“terms moderate.” As the farm is attached to the school, it would not perhaps be altogether unnatural for an amorous farm-bailiff to become attached to one of the school-girls; the “pair of quiet ponies” would then be of invaluable assistance, and “add to the pleasure,” &c., in the case of an elopement, if indeed Protestants ever are so foolish as to elope.

Under the head “Situations Vacant,” the first advertisement to attract attention is “Wanted, a general servant in a family of six,” by whom “washing is put out, and all found.” Perhaps one of the family of six will kindly furnish us with the address of their laundress; for she is evidently an honest woman, or perhaps some of the collars and handkerchiefs would sometimes be missing at the end of the week. “Christian privileges allowed.” This is rather a loose statement for a family of six to make. We apprehend that if the general servant-elect were an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Machonochie, and insisted on being an attendant at every service celebrated in St. Alban’s, the obliging family would find themselves compelled to practise rather more than an ordinary course of self-denial; they would speedily pray to be delivered from their Ritualistic cook, and would for the future wisely substitute “decidedly Evangelical” for “Christian privileges allowed.”

In the same column we find a Staffordshire firm wanting “An

experienced milliner, to make and trim bonnets, superintend show-room, and serve at the counter in general drapery. A Wesleyan preferred." We are of opinion, since the duties of this experienced milliner are to be by no means light, that preference should be given to a muscular Christian; "S. G. O." would probably suggest the peculiar fitness of a Ritualist; neither of these will suit the Staffordshire firm. If the advertisement had emanated from some fashionable shop in Regent Street, we should have come to the conclusion that Wesleyans were necessarily gifted with some extraordinary talents in the art of millinery; but as it only comes from Newcastle-under-Lyne, we can merely suppose the firm to be labouring under an excess of mawkish sentimentalism.

One of the choicest things we have ever seen in the way of advertisements is the latest from Norwich; the ideas contained therein are so "passing rich," that they cannot fail to create a smile even among Protestants; with a regret at an important omission of the final words, "No humbugs need apply," we give in full, without further comment, this almost perfect specimen of a Christian-worldly advertisement:—

"Wanted immediately, in a small home for the reception of penitent women, a kind, sensible, trustworthy person as MATRON. The managers are anxious to meet with one without family ties, who adopts the vocation from choice, and under a deep religious sense of responsibility. She would have the entire management under the committee. Would have everything needful found her, and a small salary. Apply to R., 8, The Walk, Norwich."

FENIANISM.

It is by no means the first time that the natives of the Emerald isle have been forced to acknowledge that they have been tempted to pursue in vain a phantom form, mistaken by these sons of Erin for a substantial reality, and dignified by the name of "Freedom." And now Ireland is blushing like a schoolboy detected out of bounds. Like a will-o'-the-wisp, the objects sought by Fenianism have receded farther and farther, as the senseless pursuers have become irreparably entangled in the swamps that surround its alluring light.

The character of the men chosen as leaders in so hopeless a pursuit, is by far the greatest cause of the grief and shame that have attended this latest attempt at conspiracy against

the Government. For a long time the mistaken patriotism of the "green" islanders has shed a quasi-glory round the head of such a man as James Stephens; but a few weeks since this almost saintly personage was rudely divested of the becoming halo, when the world was informed by an American Fenian, General F. F. Millen, who was formerly President of the Fenian Military Council in Ireland, that Stephens was "nothing more than a humbug and a swindler," and (which, by the bye, seemed a worse offence in the eyes of his Yankee "*confrère*") a "decided fool in military matters." General Millen concludes his letter by a bit of news for this precious swindler's deluded admirers on this side the Atlantic, and tells them that Stephens's "patriotism" has been more lucrative to him than is generally the case, and he has made the exact sum of £73,000, with which he intends to while away an honourable (?) old age, rendered pleasant by horticultural pursuits in the South of France.

So here we have the true character of this chief leader of Fenianism, who has succeeded in swindling the Irish in their own country, and in the United States, by means of the terrific letters C. O. I. R. affixed to his name; and what wonder is it that such a conspiracy has miserably collapsed? The only source of gratification for those Fenians who are not expiating their folly at the treadmill, is in the knowledge of how much expense and trouble has been incurred by Government, and what alarm has been caused to many a nervous "paterfamilias" and anxious mother, at the prospect of seeing house and home broken into by Irish roughs, and Sackville and Grafton Streets presenting the sad spectacle of an insensate mob being shot down by English soldiers.

Fortunately, such has not been the case. The Liffey flows on, unstained by the blood of Saxon or of Celt. But for those worthless swindlers who would have vanished at the sight of Ireland actually engaged in a struggle with England, no punishment can be considered too bad.

Before one peaceful home is violated, or one loyal person injured, the severest penalty the law knows must be exercised.

And now at last it is to be hoped that by better legislation on the part of the mother country, met by the Irish in a kindlier and less bigoted spirit, the green shamrock may take its place in the national bunch by the side of the rose and the thistle, without the sense of shame, that must have been hitherto inherent in the self-willed though otherwise pretty flower.

But if, on the other hand, Ireland will not submit peaceably to run hand-in-hand with England and Scotland, in the great International Race for honour, wealth and dominion, and combine with us in promoting the glory of the United Kingdom, she must consent to be under continual restraint like a fractious child; and let her be sure of this, that no advantages will be conferred on her, and no privileges granted, till she shows that she has acquired sense to profit by them, and is no longer likely to abuse her mother's gifts, and hurl in her "oppressor's" face the euphonious appellation of "base, bloody, and brutal Saxon."

Kingstown.

J. N. E.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

“Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn,”
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

IDEM LATINĒ.

Pace tubæ resonant; nox incubat atra tenebris,
 Et vigilant tacito sidera cuncta polo;
 Jam petit optatam requiem post prælia miles;
 Jam mors membra tenet saucia,—fessa sopor.

Stramineo jacui lecto, quâ, sedula custos,
 Arcebat trepidos flammea tæda lupos.
 Nocte mihi mediâ dulcissima venit imago,
 Et rediit primam sæpius ante diem.

Dirâ acie belli mihi decessisse videbar,
 Et per desertas longius îsse vias:
 Florebat gravis Auctumnus: radiique nitebant,
 Pandit ubi notum limen amata domus.

Tunc iter ad dulces carpsi lætissimus agros,
 Et loca, quæ puero nota fuere mihi;
 Balantesque meas audivi in monte capellas,
 Quosque dedit liquido messor ab ore modos.

Tum domus accepit lacrymans, paterisque libatis,
 “Haud iterum,” dixi, “tectâ aliena colam.”
 Millia tum dulces delibant oscula nati,
 Conjugis et fletu pectora rupta tument.

“Hic, precor, o sistas; hic saucia membra quiescant;”
 (Ah! miser, ut sonuit vox ea læta tibi!)
 At nondum sonuit somni vox læta per aures,—
 Exorta est iterum lux, rediitque dolor.

Reading.

19 MH67

P. D.